

THE MISCELLANY.

VOL. I.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1805.

NO. 17.

Classical Literature.

THE HISTORY OF RASSELAS,
PRINCE OF ABBINIA.

The Happiness of Solitude. The Hermit's History.

THEY came on the third day, by the direction of the peasants, to the hermit's cell: it was a cavern in the side of a mountain, overshadowed with palm-trees; at such a distance from the cataract, that nothing more was heard than a gentle uniform murmur, such as composed the mind to pensive meditation, especially when it was assisted by the wind whistling among the branches. The first rude essay of nature had been so much improved by human labour, that the cave contained several apartments appropriated to different uses, and often afforded lodging to travellers whom darkness or tempests happened to overtake.

The hermit sat on a bench at the door, to enjoy the coolness of the evening. On one side lay a book with pens and papers, on the other mechanical instruments of various kinds. As they approached him unregarded, the princess observed that he had not the countenance of a man that had found, or could teach, the way to happiness.

They saluted him with great respect, which he returned like a man not unaccustomed to the forms of courts. "My children," said he, "if you have lost your way, you shall be willingly supplied with such conveniences for the night as this cavern will afford. I have all that nature requires, and you will not expect delicacies in a hermit's cell."

They thanked him; and entering, were pleased with the neatness and regularity of the place. The hermit set flesh and wine before them, though he only fed upon fruits and water. His discourse was cheerful without levity, and pious without enthusiasm. He soon gained the esteem of his guests, and the princess repented of her hasty censure.

At last Imlac began thus: "I do not now wonder that your reputation is so far extended; we have heard at Cairo of your wisdom, and came hither to implore your direction for this young man and maiden in the *choice of life*.

"To him that lives well," answered the hermit, "every form of life is good; nor can I give any other rule for choice, than to remove from all apparent evil."

"He will remove most certainly from evil," said the prince, "who shall devote himself to that solitude which you have recommended by your example."

"I have indeed lived fifteen years in solitude," said the hermit, "but have no desire that my example should gain any imitators. In my youth I professed arms, and was raised by degrees to the highest military rank. I have traversed wide countries at the head of my

troops, and seen many battles and sieges. At last, being disgusted by the preferments of a younger officer, and feeling that my vigour was beginning to decay, I resolved to close my life in peace, having found the world full of snares, discord, and misery. I had once escaped from the pursuit of the enemy by the shelter of this cavern, and therefore chose it for my final residence. I employed artificers to form it into chambers, and stored it with all that I was likely to want.

"For some time after my retreat, I rejoiced like a tempest-beaten sailor at his entrance into the harbour, being delighted with the sudden change of the noise and hurry of war to stillness and repose. When the pleasure of novelty went away, I employed my hours in examining the plants which grew in the valley, and the minerals which I collected from the rocks. But that inquiry is now grown tasteless and irksome. I have been for some time unsettled and distracted: my mind is disturbed with a thousand perplexities of doubt and vanities of imagination, which hourly prevail upon me, because I have no opportunities of relaxation or diversion. I am sometimes ashamed to think that I could not secure myself from vice, but by retiring from the exercise of virtue, and begin to suspect that I was rather impelled by resentment, than led by devotion, into solitude. My fancy riots in scenes of folly, and I lament that I have lost so much, and have gained so little. In solitude, if I escape the example of bad men, I want likewise the counsel and conversation of the good. I have been long comparing the evils with the advantages of society, and resolve to return into the world to-morrow. The life of a solitary man will be certainly miserable, but not certainly devout."

They heard his resolution with surprise, but, after a short pause, offered to conduct him to Cairo. He dug up a considerable treasure which he had hid among the rocks, and accompanied them to the city, on which, as he approached it, he gazed with rapture.

The Happiness of a Life led according to Nature.

RASSELAS went often to an assembly of learned men, who met at stated times to unbend their minds, and compare their opinions. Their manners were somewhat coarse, but their conversation was instructive, and their disputations acute, though sometimes too violent, and often continued till neither controvertist remembered upon what question they began. Some faults were almost general among them: every one was desirous to dictate to the rest, and every one was pleased to hear the genius or knowledge of another depreciated.

In this assembly Rasselas was relating his interview with the hermit, and the wonder with which he heard him censure a course of life which he had so deliberately chosen, and

so laudably followed. The sentiments of the hearers were various. Some were of opinion, that the folly of his choice had been justly punished by condemnation to perpetual perseverance. One of the youngest among them, with great vehemence, pronounced him an hypocrite. Some talked of the right of society to the labour of individuals, and considered retirement as a desertion of duty. Others readily allowed, that there was a time when the claims of the public were satisfied, and when a man might properly sequester himself, to review his life, and purify his heart.

One, who appeared more affected with the narrative than the rest, thought it likely that the hermit would, in a few years, go back to his retreat, and, perhaps, if shame did not restrain, or death intercept him, return once more from his retreat into the world: "For the hope of happiness," said he, "is so strongly impressed, that the longest experience is not able to efface it. Of the present state, whatever it be, we feel, and are forced to confess, the misery; yet, when the same state is again at a distance, imagination paints it as desirable. But the time will surely come, when desire will be no longer our torment, and no man shall be wretched but by his own fault."

"This," said a philosopher who had heard him with tokens of great impatience, "is the present condition of a wise man. The time is already come, when none are wretched but by their own fault. Nothing is more idle, than to inquire after happiness, which nature has kindly placed within our reach. The way to be happy is to live according to nature, in obedience to that universal and unalterable law with which every heart is originally impressed; which is not written on it by precept, but engraved by destiny, not instilled by education, but infused at our nativity. He that lives according to nature will suffer nothing from the delusions of hope, or importunities of desire: he will receive and reject with equability of temper; and act or suffer as the reason of things will alternately prescribe. Other men may amuse themselves with subtle definitions, or intricate ratiocination. Let them learn to be wise by easier means: let them observe the hind of the forest, and the lianet of the grove: let them consider the life of animals, whose motions are regulated by instinct: they obey their guide, and are happy. Let us, therefore, at length, cease to dispute, and learn to live; throw away the incumbrance of precepts, which they who utter them with so much pride and pomp do not understand, and carry with us this simple and intelligible maxim, That deviation from nature is deviation from happiness."

When he had spoken, he looked round him with a placid air, and enjoyed the consciousness of his own beneficence. "Sir," said the prince, with great modesty, "as I, like all the rest of mankind, am desirous of felicity, my

closest attention has been paid to your discourse: I doubt not the truth of a position which a man so learned has so confidently advanced. Let me only know what it is to live according to nature!"

"When I find young men so humble and so docile," said the philosopher, "I can deny them no information which my studies have enabled me to afford. To live according to nature, is to act always with a due regard to the fitness arising from the relations and qualities of causes and effects; to concur with the great and unchangeable scheme of universal felicity; to co-operate with the general disposition and tendency of the present system of things."

The prince soon found that this was one of the sages whom he should understand less as he heard him longer. He therefore bowed, and was silent; and the philosopher, supposing him satisfied, and the rest vanquished, rose up, and departed with the air of a man that had co-operated with the present system.

The Prince and his Sister divide between them the Work of Observation.

RASSELAS returned home full of reflections, doubtful how to direct his future steps. Of the way to happiness he found the learned and simple equally ignorant; but, as he was yet young, he flattered himself that he had time remaining for more experiments and further inquiries. He communicated to Imlac his observations and his doubts, but was answered by him with new doubts, and remarks that gave him no comfort. He therefore discoursed more frequently and freely with his sister, who had yet the same hope with himself, and always assisted him to give some reason why, though he had been hitherto frustrated, he might succeed at last.

"We have hitherto," said she, "known but little of the world: we have never yet been either great or mean. In our own country, though we had royalty, we had no power, and in this we have not yet seen the private recesses of domestic peace. Imlac favours not our search, lest we should in time find him mistaken. We will divide the task between us: you shall try what is to be found in the splendour of courts, and I will range the shades of humbler life. Perhaps command and authority may be the supreme blessings, as they afford the most opportunities of doing good; or, perhaps, what this world can give, may be found in the modest habitations of middle fortune; too low for great designs, and too high for penury and distress.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ON INJURIES.

THERE are three kinds of returns for injuries; abject submission, severe retaliation, and contemptuous disregard. The first is always the worst, and the last generally the best; yet, however different they may be in themselves, the dignity of the last is so much superior to common conceptions, that you may, perhaps, be forced upon the second, purely to prove that you did not stoop to the first.

FOR THE MISCELLANY.

THE INFANT.

ALL nature was in commotion. The black mantle of the storm had veiled the earth in darkness. The furious blast swept the yielding forest: wrapt in flames, the deadly bolt of heaven gleamed athwart the lowering sky; all nature seemed to groan with horror. At that sad moment of gloom and awe, I heard a piercing scream resound at my door. Thither I quickly sped my way. Great God! it was an infant apparently tremulous with the chill of death, conveyed there by a traveller, who, passing through a wood, heard its shrieks and brought it to my door. Urged by the strongest motives of humanity, I snatched it up. I exposed it to a gentle warmth. Life, before suspended on a hair, soon accumulated strength; the vital spark, before faintly glowing, now began to glow with additional lustre. My eyes attentively ran along its placid features, on which played innocence and captivating mildness. I thought, at length, that in it I recognized its mother. Surprised, I looked still more attentively. My opinion was confirmed. It was the child of *****. Oh! I dare not mark her name, for the cold hand of infamy has already plunged her in its unfathomable abyss: struggling in the waters of despair, she is almost overwhelmed. She had been seduced; and who, alas! can refuse to shed over her fate a tear of pity, and execrate the wretch who could plant in her heart the goading stings of guilt. She was before as innocent as her unspotted babe; her heart was "whiter than the clouds which surround the nocturnal planet;" 'twas purer than the chrysal snow of heaven; 'twas serene as the unclouded expanse of ether. Her distraction had induced her—Ah! mothers, your tender hearts, at least, will tell how severe must have been her anguish!—She had been led to expose her infant to wreath under the tortures of the howling blast, and pant away its breath in the midst of a desert, where human feet had scarce ever trod. Youth, whose breasts glow with generous emotions, read this woeful tale: behold the agonized feelings of the mother, and I trust you will both execrate the diabolic wretch who was the cause, and be preserved yourselves from the pollution of such horrid crimes!

FOR THE MISCELLANY.

"None but himself can be his parallel."

Mr. EDITOR,

Two queer, witty fellows, who call themselves "Dick Splash," and "Quid," urged on by a "request of friends," come forward with a truly heteroclite plan for receiving the news of the town...of rendering themselves the instruments of vending the nonsense of this city...and of self-defence against the ladies!—It is said there is a pleasure in madness unknown to any but madmen.—Don't understand me to insinuate that these lads are moon-struck; far be it from me. On the contrary, I think persons of such keen invention,

who clip the wings of *immorality* by novel designs, would do honor to Trenton in the method they propose of filling their craving stomachs, and gratifying the curious. Maugre their flights of imagination....and beshrew me for a numskull for wanting words to express my gratitude.

To Master Quid, Clara proposes the following question:

"Suppose a lame duck to be in pursuit of a blind toad; the toad having 1 hour and 39 minutes start, and to travel at the rate of 6 furlongs, 422 yards, and 14 inches every 12 hours; the duck gains on the toad in the proportion of $9+4 \times 16 : 11$ —I demand the time the duck will be in overtaking the toad; also the square and cubic root of the distance in barley-corns."

Your friend,

JOCULUS.

Loggerhead-Square.

FOR THE MISCELLANY.

TO MR. QUID.

SIR,

YOUR objection to my solution is, to every intent and purpose, futile—inasmuch as you have not pointed out one place wherein it is incorrect. Your given angle is 60° , and the remaining angles, as found in my solution, are $78^\circ. 28'$ and $41^\circ. 32'$ —Now, Sir, who but yourself would conceive of such a triangle as being right-angled? but if you will again call on the Editor, and he will shew you the figure I sent him, compare it with the 31st prop. of the 3d book of Euclid, read over my explanation, and you will learn something you are ignorant of. The fact is, you know nothing of it yourself, and it is my opinion, you have made the question your own in the way that some, who pretend to be honest people, acquire like property by stealing it.

You are very excusable in not answering my questions; indeed it is what I did not expect of you since your second appearance in the Miscellany: For who would suppose a person ignorant of the first principles of a science, could answer questions requiring a knowledge of some of the deepest principles of that science? But, forming an opinion of the place of your residence, and knowing you might there procure some person to solve them for you, I continued to take notice of you; but as they have not thought you worthy of such assistance, I shall not, in future, think you worthy of notice—for, as a mathematician, you are far beneath my contempt: therefore I omit that censure your conduct justly merits.

MATHO.

THE PROVERB REVERSED.

"A BIRD in the hand is worth two in the bush," is a proverb that may have a very good moral. But I believe, if we could inculcate a quite contrary doctrine, it would be of much more general utility: it is, methinks, what is *not in hand* that seems to require our principal attention. The sacrifice of the present to the future, if a fault, seems too rare to require a particular caution; and to be like some unnatural crimes, in no danger of becoming epidemic.

A.

FROM THE PIC NIC.

OH, Mr. Pic Nic, was there ever such an unfortunate business as this? If ever I have any thing to do again with paintings, and washings, and cosmetics? But I am sure I am not to blame; for I'll swear I put in every thing that was set down in the printed book. You must know, Sir, I am own maid to the Dowager Lady Daub, and it is my place to fill up the wrinkles in her Ladyship's face as soon as they appear; and I am obliged to be on the alert, I assure you. In the discharge of this office, I have met with a terrible misfortune; but I told my Lady, and I tell you, and I will say it again and again, it is not my fault. She should have been more cautious; for, previous to this affair, she had an awkward mishap, which I must relate to you. She saw in the papers an advertisement for a *defilatory*, or some such name, to remove superfluous hairs. This she accordingly rubbed round her mouth, and it did remove the hairs, I must confess; but the deuce a bit would they stir without taking all the flesh with them. It affected her eyes too; and obliged her, for some time, to use a black shade; which, with her large mouth, made her look for all the world like Harlequin in the pantomime.

Mayhap you may know my sister Sall, Lord Cram's cook. She applied some of this stuff to her arm, and the hairs did disappear for a time; but they soon grew again with a vengeance; and should you see her arm now, a bear's paw, or a blacking-brush, are white to it.

But, to return to my Lady; all this is nothing to what is ensuing, Mr. Pic Nic. You must know she had got hold of a book, called "Medea's Kettle; or, the Art of restoring decayed Beauty;" which contains a recipe for an infallible cosmetic to produce a most beautiful complexion. Well, this we mixed up, and I am sure we put every thing in, and exactly according to the directions. I spread it over her face when she went to bed. However, there must be a mistake somewhere; for, on hastening to see her in the morning, what do you think I beheld? Sir, her whole face was a bright garter blue! only think how shocking—I thought I should have dropped.—I could not help laughing, neither; she looked so comical. As for my Lady, to be sure, she would have gone out of her wits, if I had not assured her, we should certainly be able to extract the colour with warm water. Warm water we tried; scalding water we tried; but my poor Lady's face remained just the same.—We were now on the point of giving up any further attempts, when the laundry maid proposed trying some stuff; muriatic acid, I think, she called it; which she employed to take stains out of linen. This we accordingly did, and I do believe should have compleatly succeeded, but that the acid was yellowish, which, mixing with the blue, produced a delicate pea-green. This is my Ladyship's present colour, and here we stick. I never saw any thing like her, except the sign of the grasshopper, at the tea-shop in the city. We intend trying scalding water again, and you shall have an early account of the first boiling; but, in

the mean time, for heaven's sake, do give us your advice and assistance. For my part, I am almost afraid of applying the hot water, lest we may only change her to some other colour, which I should be sorry to do, as I have rather a fancy for pea-green. This might certainly be the case. Lobsters and shrimps, you know, change colour when boiled, and so do lilac ribbands. This is an idea of my own.—But I hear my Lady's bell; and, as I cannot attend at present to any body in the world but her, I have only time to subscribe myself

Yours to command,

TABITHA TOILET.

ON SCHOLARSHIP, OR LEARNING.

SCHOLARSHIP, or learning, is perpetually rung in our ears as the *summum bonum*, the one thing necessary to man. To say of a person, that he is a great scholar, seems to imply every kind of a superiority; to say he is no scholar, just the contrary. But I confess, that, after much reflection, and much enquiry, I am yet at a loss to comprehend this mighty advantage of scholarship. Some advantage to be sure it has; but, perhaps, not always to minds of the first class: it sometimes prevents the excursions of a vigorous understanding, by keeping it in a beaten track: it perpetuates error, by imposing received opinions upon those who, if they had begun the enquiry, would have discovered truth: it divides the attention, and sometimes fixes it to subjects which are not suited to that particular genius, and turn of mind, which nature would have exerted upon some other, the object of her own choice, with infinite advantage: by loading the memory, it restrains imagination; and by multiplying precepts, it anticipates the judgment. Give me the man whose knowledge is derived from the copious source of his own reason; whose mind is filled with ideas that sprung not from books, but thought; whose principles are consistent, because deduced in a regular series from each other, and not scraps of different systems gleaned from the works of others, and huddled together without examining their incongruity. Where is the scholar whose opinion is entirely his own? and where is the genius* whom we wish to have known the opinions of others? Are we sure that Shakespear would have been the wonder he was, had he been a *deep scholar*?

A.

* The celebrated rural poem, entitled "The Farmer's Boy," written by Robert Bloomfield, which, though simply natural, is beautifully picturesque, and, if not sublimely, most chastely, descriptive, is a striking instance of what may be accomplished by an excursive genius, unaided by a scholastic education.

ON LONELY MEDITATION.

THE mind, exalted by the high and dignified sentiments it acquires by lonely meditation, becomes proud of its superiority, withdraws itself from every base and ignoble object, and avoids, with heroic virtue, the effect of dangerous society. A noble mind observes the sons of worldly pleasure mingling in scenes of riot and debauchery without being seduced; hears

it in vain echoed from every side, that incontinence is among the first propensities of the human heart; and that every young man of fashion and spirit, must as necessarily indulge his appetite for the fair sex, as the calls of hunger or of sleep. Such a mind perceives that *libertinism* and dissipation not only enervate youth, and render the feelings callous to the charms of virtue, and principles of honesty, but that it destroys every manly resolution, renders the heart timid, decreases exertion, damps the generous warmth and fine enthusiasm of the soul, and, in the end, totally annihilates all its powers. The youth, therefore, who seriously wishes to sustain an honorable character on the theatre of life, must forever renounce the habits of indolence and luxury; and when he no longer impairs his intellectual faculties by debauchery, or renders it necessary to attempt the renovation of his languid and debilitated constitution by excess of wine, and luxurious living, he will soon be relieved from the necessity of consuming whole mornings on horseback, in a vain search of that health, from change of scene, which temperance and exercise would immediately bestow. Virtue and self-denial bring gigantic reinforcements to our assistance, and ensure success. Virtue and resolution, in short, are equal to every conflict, the instant we learn that one passion is to be conquered by another.

TRENTON, SEPTEMBER 30, 1805.

COLLEGE OF NEW-JERSEY.

AT the anniversary commencement in the College of New-Jersey, holden on the 25th instant, the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on forty-two young gentlemen, members of the late Senior Class, and on two others out of the College. Eight young gentlemen, *alumni* of the College, and five others, were admitted to the degree of Master of Arts.

The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on the Hon. Richard Potts, of Maryland; and the degree of Doctor of Divinity on the Rev. Eliphalet Nott, President of Union College, New-York.

On the 29th June a court of enquiry was convened on board the U. States' frigate President, to examine the conduct of Capt. William Bainbridge, in the loss of the U. States' frigate Philadelphia, who honorably acquitted him.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Quid's" solution of *Matbo's* question, published in the 10th No. of the Miscellany, is received, and, as it is likely to be the last of an unprofitable subject in our paper, we shall give it a place next week.

Obituary.

*The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead—but to the grave!*

GRAY.

DIED,
At Augusta, (Georgia) on the 5th inst. the Rev. WASHINGTON M'KNIGHT, minister of the Presbyterian congregation at that place, and son of the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, of New-York.

THE MISCELLANY.

Seat of the Muses.

MY NOISELESS HOURS I GIVE,
BLEST POETRY, TO THEE!

FOR THE MISCELLANY.

HENRY.....A DREAM.

RETIRING sun, in Ocean's bed,
Had sunk his radiant orb ;
The bustling crowd long since had fled,
In sleep their cares t' absorb.

The dreary time had slow roll'd on,
The tedious hours along,
Since my dear Henry far had gone,
T' avenge his country's wrong.

Deep sunk in thought, as on his fate
My heart with sorrow bent,
Sleep fast upon me clos'd his gate,
And this sad vision sent....

In Trip'li's dreary vault methought
I saw myself alight,
There I my dearest Henry sought
In the still gloom of night.

Naught but the clanking chain I heard,
Or groanings of despair ;
A feeble taper half illumin'd
The vault, cold, damp, and drear.

The visage meagre, pale, and wan ;
The deep sunk heavy eye ;
Th' emaciated ghastly form ;
Cried....Ah Humanity !

Astounded thus I gazing stood,
I heard a rattling chain,
When at my feet I saw, great God !
I saw my Henry lain !

THE WHEELBARROW.

WITH a big bottle nose, and an acre of chin,
His whole physiognomy frightful as sin ;
With a huge frizzled wig, and triangular hat,
And a snuff-besmear'd handkerchief tied over that ;
Doctor Bos riding out on his fierce Rozinante,
(In hair very rich, but of flesh very scanty,) Was a little alarm'd through a zeal for his bones,
Seeing Hodge cross the road with a barrow of stones.
"Hip! friend," roar'd the doctor, with no little force,
"Prithee, set down thy barrow, 'twill frighten my
horse!"
Hodge as quickly replied as an Erskine or Garrow,
"You're a d——d deal more likely to frighten my
barrow!"

To the Curls of a Young Ladies Hair, which, according to the present modish style, hung over her eyes.

KIND locks! be your's the meed of endless praise,
Who thus o'ercloud the fire of Celia's eye ;
But for your aid, struck by their lightning's blaze,
The youth who dar'd to look, transfix'd, would die.

ON MATRIMONY.

Tom prais'd his friend (who chang'd his state),
For binding fast himself and Kate,
In union so divine ;
"Wedlock's the end of life," he cried ;
"Too true, alas!" said Dick, and sigh'd,
"Twill be the end of mine."

Anecdotes.

ANECDOTE

Of a Royal Visit to Bristol in the Reign of Queen Anne.

PRINCE George of Denmark, the nominal King, consort to Queen Anne, in passing thro' this city, appeared on the exchange, attended only by one gentleman, a military officer, and remained there till the merchants had pretty generally withdrawn, not one of them having sufficient resolution to speak to him, as, perhaps, they might not be prepared to ask such a guest to their houses. But this was not the case with all who saw him ; for a person, whose name was John Duddlestane, a bodice-maker, who lived in Corn-street, went up, and asked him if he was not the husband of the Queen, who informed him he was. John Duddlestane told him, he had observed, with a good deal of concern, that none of the merchants had invited him home to dinner ; telling him, he did not apprehend it was from want of love to the Queen, or to him, but because they did not consider themselves prepared to entertain so great a man ; but he was ashamed to think of his dining at an inn, and requested him to go and dine with him, and bring the gentleman with him, at the same time informing him, that he had a piece of good beef and a plum-pudding, and ale of his dame's own brewing. The Prince admired the loyalty of the man, and though he had bespoke a dinner at the White Lion, went with him. When they got to the house, Duddlestane called to his wife, who was up stairs, desiring her to put on a clean apron, and come down, for the Queen's husband and another gentleman were come to dine with him. She accordingly came down with a clean blue apron on, and was immediately saluted by the Prince. In the course of the dinner, the Prince asked him if he ever went to London. He said, that since the ladies had worn stays instead of bodices, he sometimes went to buy whale-bone ; whereupon the Prince desired him to take his wife with him, when he went again ; at the same time giving him a card, to facilitate his introduction to him at court. In the course of a little time he took his wife behind him to London, and, with the assistance of the card, found easy admittance to the Prince ; and by him they were introduced to the Queen, who invited them to an approaching public dinner, informing them, they must have new clothes for the occasion ; allowing them to chuse for themselves ; so they each chose a purple velvet, such as the Prince had on, which was accordingly provided for them ; and in that dress they were introduced by the Queen herself, as the most loyal persons in the city of Bristol, and the only ones in that city who invited the Prince, her husband, to their house ; and after the entertainment, the Queen desiring him to kneel, laid a sword on his head, and, to use Lady Duddlestane's own words, said to him, "Get up, Sir John." He was offered a place under government, which he did not chuse to accept, informing the Queen, that he had 50l. out at use ; and he apprehended the number of people that he saw

about her, must be very expensive, therefore, that sum was at her service. The Queen made the most grateful acknowledgments ; but, as might be supposed, declined the loan.

EPIGRAM.

"PERHAPS," said a doctor, one day to his friend, "You remember a tale which you made me attend : That tale, Sir, much more than you think of has cost : It detain'd me so long that a patient was lost." "Alas," quoth the friend, "I'm quite sorry for that, That your patient should suffer for my idle chat." "No!—he is the saver !—the suff'r am I ; Nature popp'd in between, while I slacken'd my speed, And the man had got well, before I could get fee'd."

KEEN RETALIATION.

A young gentleman, who had quarrelled with a lady to whom he had paid his addresses, was so imprudent as to threaten, that he would publish the letters she had written him.—"That," she replied, "would be really vexatious ; for though I need not be ashamed of their contents, I certainly ought to be ashamed of their directions!"

TRENTON BOOK-STORE.

FOR SALE,

By JAMES ORAM, near the Presbyterian Church, a general assortiment of

Books & Stationary:

Among which are....

BIBLES, school and family.
Testaments, large and small.
Watts' Psalms and Hymns, different sizes.
Pierce's Spelling Book.
Webster's do.
Union do.
Columbian do.
Dilworth's do.
Cyphering Books.
Writing do.
Child's Instructor.
American Tutors Assistant.
Dilworth's do.
Young Gentleman and Lady's Monitor.
Scott's Lessons.
Murray's English Reader.
Introduction.
Grammar, large and small.
Columbian Orator.
American Preceptor. Geographies.
Davidson's Latin Grammar.
Rudiman's do.
Mair's Introduction.
Clarke's do.
Corderius—Selectæ è Veteri—Greek Grammar—
Virgil—Ceasar—Sallust—Horace—Xenophon—&c.
BLANK BOOKS, PAPER, &c.
A youth of 13 or 14 years of age, healthy and strong, of suitable education, and good morals, desirous of learning the art of Printing, may have a situation by applying to the printer hereof.

TRENTON:

PRINTED BY JAMES ORAM ;
AND SUBSCRIPTIONS TAKEN IN AT ONE DOLLAR
AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANN.